

A DRAWING-ROOM PROBLEM.

Miss X. is a good young lady, living in an agricultural district, who invites an adult Sunday School class to tea in the drawing-room. Y., one of the scholars, is a burly farm-servant, unaccustomed to social

functions, and especially inapt at the handling of tea-cups.

He is supplied with a diminutive cup and saucer and a bun that is too big to go into the saucer. Finding the tea too hot for his taste, he puts the bun in his mouth, holds the cup in his right hand and pours the tea

into the saucer which is in his left hand.

Having done all this satisfactorily, he raises the saucer in order to blow on the tea before drinking, but discovers, with confusion, that the bun is in the way.

What ought Y. to do?

THE PERFECT SCRIBE.

["No journalist ought to write anything of which he is ashamed."—*British Weekly*.]

AUTHOR of yon immortal wheeze,
Which so commoved me when I read it,
If with this law your life agrees
It does you (may I say so, please?)
The most enormous credit.

'Tis well that in the whirl and rush
Of things that hamper introspection
You have the gift of saying "Hush!"
In time to stop the ruby blush
From staining your complexion.

Your conscience keeps you timely wise:
You take its counsel like a sage's,
Rejecting naughty words and lies
Which must, if printed, compromise
Your Weekly's model pages.

So, having purged your matter free
From faults of spirit and of letter,
You say: "There are no spots on me;
This is as good as good can be,
Or even slightly better!"

Ah, would that we could follow you,
We other scribes, mere ha'penny print-hacks!
We are indeed a shameless crew,
Content to say what's far from true,
And farther still from syntax.

Some of us try a nobler strain,
Treading the track your feet have dented,
And yet we somehow don't attain
Your self-assurance, but remain
Divinely discontented.

Thus, had you written in my stead
These lines that I have here begotten,
Your heart, perhaps, would not have bled;
Mine does, because I've seldom read
Anything quite so rotten.

O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY.

I AM not sure that the title I have given to this story is the best I could have selected. There are others that would perhaps have suited it quite as well, if not better—but, after all, Mrs. BOBRINSKY began it, and her name shall, therefore, stand at the head of it. Originators have some right to be considered.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY is my housekeeper. She was born a PEGLER, of London, and became entitled to the BOBRINSKY by marrying a Polish exile, now deceased, who, according to her account, made the best cabinets that were ever sold in the Euston Road or anywhere else. He used, she has told me, "to rig up a bit of tarpaulin on some poles in the backyard, and sit there of a Sunday morning reading his paper, and say it reminded him of Poland." Once a year it was his custom to walk to the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place and relieve his patriotic feelings by spitting on the doorstep. This sacred rite having been accomplished he would return to his cabinet-making with a light heart.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY, in spite of her name, is British to the core. Her father was in "the joolery business,"

and most of her uncles "was cooks." I quote her family history as related by herself. She can sew anything and can cook most things. She is a mine of anecdotes and a most excellent housekeeper in a London flat. Her relations with the porter are respectful, but not cordial. She suspects the lift-boy of every possible dereliction of duty that a human lift-boy can commit. She considers him to be too saucy and frivolous in his talk for the responsible position he occupies. Some day, she believes, there will be an accident, and the world will realise too late the inefficiency of the lift-boy.

It was a June evening, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY was laying my table for dinner while I was sitting in an arm-chair. "There's only a couple of cutlets, some new potatoes, a dish of peas, and a gooseberry tart," she remarked. "And a very good dinner, too," said I. She then began to tell me the story of BOBRINSKY and the one-eyed black cat with three legs; but she broke off before she finished it and went out of the room. I heard her talking outside the room to someone whose voice was strange to me. I determined to follow her.

When I opened the door I noticed without the least surprise that the hall of my flat had disappeared and the Twopenny Tube had taken its place. The Tube stretched out interminably, but it was brilliantly lighted, and I could see along it for miles. Mrs. BOBRINSKY, now a mere speck, but easily recognisable by a green silk hood which I had never before seen her wear, was rushing down the Tube at an astonishing pace. She was ten miles away and still going strong. As no trains were running there was nothing for me to do but to pursue her on foot. No sooner had I started than a motor-bus came thundering round a corner upon me. I remembered that a Colonial Bishop had once told me that the only way to deal with such a 'bus was to kneel to it and say "Rottingdean" three times very quickly. I knelt, but for the life of me I couldn't say "Rottingdean."

Mr. ASQUITH, the Prime Minister, was in the 'bus. He had a long white beard and wore a Glengarry cap and a kilt. He was very like a Scotch piper I had seen in Parliament Street that afternoon, but he had left his pipes behind. He winked at me very deliberately, and, the 'bus having by this time passed completely over me, I found myself at Paddington Station, where, after a dispute with a cabman, who had been driving me for more than an hour, I entered a train at Platform No. 5. My wife was already in the carriage. She smiled at me and continued to feed our youngest daughter, aged four, on marmalade and Shetland shawls. I said, "You know that is not good for the child," and she said, "I had to buy Whiteley's new hippopotamus: he was so cheap." I realised that this explained everything.

At this moment a porter looked in and said the platforms had all been changed and our train had gone five minutes ago. I said to my wife, "I told you so," and got out at once. When I turned round I saw my wife and child three platforms away. She said, "St. Pancras" and vanished, and I recognised the Master of Trinity, who said he was sorry, but I must on no account walk on the grass. He added that it wasn't Olympic and laughed heartily. I knew it was the best joke in the world and laughed even more heartily—

"Your cutlets are on the table, Sir," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY.



A SHORT WAY TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT.

THE SHAH (with his gun trained on the Parliament buildings, reading from Omar Khayyám, local poet):—

“COULD WE WITH FATE CONSPIRE
TO GRASP THIS SORRY SCHEME OF THINGS ENTIRE,
WOULD NOT WE SHATTER IT TO BITS”—(BANG!)—“AND THEN
RE-MOULD IT NEARER TO THE HEART’S DESIRE!”



THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE

J

and
imp
In
has
fir
the
us.
con
7
(N
at
it
tim
sel
few
enc
mu
1
Du
an
cau
it-
to
sta
ove
wh



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

New Arrival. "I SAY, OLD MAN, STIFFISH NYMPHERY. WHAT?"

A MERE EPISODE.

(By a Person in a Pageant.)

OUR episode is the tenth and last, and (I may add unofficially) the most important. The period of it is 1750. In order to lead up to it properly it has been found necessary to start the first episode at 53 B.C. This gives the audience time to get hungry for us. "At last!" they say, when we come on; "this is the end, MARIA."

The Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) says that they don't say that at all. They say, "Why, HENRY, it's 1750! I had no idea. How the time flies when you are enjoying yourself. We *must* stay to the end; a few minutes won't make any difference now, and it's only cold mutton."

I must explain that it is the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.)—and *do* remember the "N.B." because she is very particular about it—who in this episode condescends to dance a minuet with me: that stately old measure (if you don't trip over the sandhill opposite Block D.) which so delighted our forefathers.

It is a very sad thing, but though the whole Pageant, as I have explained, hinges upon us, yet our names and description do not appear upon the programme. We are put down briefly, and I think libellously, as "Revellers." However, we learnt that we were really people of some position—right in the Smart Set, by all accounts; so I decided to be Lord TUNBRIDGE WELLS, and my partner the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). That is just like her—to be a whole county, when I am only a watering-place.

We are supposed to do the "revelling" as soon as we come in. As I lead my partner down the steps I say to her, "Our revel, I think," and she replies, "Shall we revel, or shall we sit it out?" After a little discussion we decide to revel, partly because there is nowhere to sit down, and partly because the prompter has his eye on us. Now, I don't know what your idea of revelling is, but mine would include at the very least a small ginger ale and a slice of seed-cake. I mean, I don't think that would be overdoing it at all. But

do you suppose we are allowed this—or indeed anything? Not likely. And yet it is just a little touch of that sort which gives verisimilitude to a whole Pageant.

Before we have really got through our revelling the band strikes up, and suddenly we are all in our places for the minuet. Now although you have paid your two guineas like a man, and are sitting in the very front row, you mustn't think we have taken all this trouble of learning the minuet simply to amuse *you*. Not at all. We are doing it for the sake of KING GEORGE THE SECOND, no less; a command performance. And so when we are all in a line, just ready to start, and I whisper to my partner, "I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I've forgotten the minuet. Let's do the Lancers instead," she whispers back, "Quick! GEORGE is looking at me. Is my patch on straight?" "No," I say. "Now, don't forget you have to smile all the time. Hallo, we're off."

I am not going to describe the dance to you, because it is too difficult. But I may say briefly that

there's a whole lot of things you do with your feet, and another whole lot with your hands; that you have to sway your body about in an easy and graceful manner; that you must keep one eye on the ground to see that you don't fall over the sandhills, and another eye on your partner to see that she is doing it all right, and the two of you a joint eye on everybody else to see that the affair is going symmetrically. And *then*—then comes the final instruction: "Don't look anxious. Smile, and seem to be enjoying yourself."

So far I have resisted the inclination to smile. The fact is that when I cast aside my usual habiliments and take upon me the personality of another, I like to do the thing thoroughly—to enter into the spirit of the part. Now I will put the case before you, and you shall say whether I am not right.

Here we have, as I conceive the situation, a sprig of the nobility, TUNBRIDGE WELLS. He is a modest young man, who spends most of his time at his lovely Kentish seat, flanked by fine old forest trees—preferring the quiet of the country to the noise and bustle of London. One day, however, he ventures up to town, and looking in at his customary coffee-house is hailed by an acquaintance. TUNBRIDGE WELLS, I may mention, is beautifully attired in a long blue coat, white satin waistcoat, fancy breeches, with quaint designs painted on them, silk stockings, and shoes which are too tight for him.

"What are you doing to-night?" says his friend. "Come down to Chelsea with me. There's a grand Venetian fête on, and old GEORGE will be there."

"Right," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

When they get to the Gardens his friend takes him aside.

"I say," he begins anxiously, "I hope you won't mind, but the fact is that I've promised you shall dance in a minuet to-night. Old GEORGE particularly wants to see one."

"But I simply couldn't," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS in alarm. "Can't you get somebody else?"

"Oh, but you must. I've got you a jolly partner—the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). You know the minuet, of course?"

"Well, I've learnt it; but I've very nearly forgotten it again. And my shoes are beastly uncomfortable. Before the KING, too. It's a bit steep, you know."

"Well, then, you will. Good man."

"No, no," cries TUNBRIDGE

WELLS hastily, and leads his friend aside under the trees. "I say," he begins mysteriously, "don't say anything, but . . . well, it's rather awkward . . . I may as well tell you . . . these—er—these things are a bit tight. They look all right like 'this, you know, but when you bend down—well, I mean I have to be jolly careful."

"I was just thinking how pretty they were. A beautiful thing, that," he adds, pointing to a crescent moon in blue on TUNBRIDGE WELLS' left knee.

"Don't touch," says WELLS in alarm. "It comes off like anything. I lost a dragon-fly only yesterday. Well, you see how it is, old man. But for them I should have loved it. Only . . . I say, don't be a fool. . . . Your servant, DUCHESS. I was just saying . . . Yes, I am devoted to it. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. Let's see, it is the left foot, isn't it? (Confound that idiot!)"

Now then, do you wonder that the poor fellow looks anxious? or that I feel it my duty, as a good actor, to look anxious too?

I have promised not to describe the whole minuet to you, but I must mention one figure in it of which I am particularly fond. In this you rejoin your partner after a long absence, and you have once more her supporting hand to hold you up. For some hours previously you have been alone in the wild and undulating open, tripping over mole-hills and falling down ha-has; and it is very pleasant (especially when your shoes fit you too soon) to get back to her and pour all your troubles into her sympathetic ear. It's a figure in which you stand on one foot each for a considerable time, and paw the air with the others. You preserve your balance better if you converse easily and naturally.

"I nearly came a frightful purler just now. Did you see?"

"H'sh, not so loud. Have you found mother yet? She's here to-day."

"One of my patches fell off. I hope nobody heard it."

"You've got a different wig to-day. Why?"

"It's greyer. I had such a very anxious moment yesterday. You know that last bow at the end where you go down and stay under water for about five minutes? Well, I really thought—however, they didn't."

"I don't like you in this one. It doesn't suit you at all."

"So I thought at first. But if you gaze at it very earnestly for three

hours, and then look up at the ceiling, you—"

"Why, there is mother. Hold up."

"I fancy we have rather a good action in this figure. Do you think she's noticing it? I hope she knows that we *could* stand on one leg without moving the other one at all. I mean I don't want her to think—Hullo, here we are. Good-bye. See you again in the next figure but one." And the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) trips off.

I put in the "N.B." because she is very particular about it; and I say "trips" because I know the ground.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, in order to make our forthcoming naval manœuvres approach as nearly as possible to actual war conditions, the rival fleets are to be commanded by Lord CHARLES BERTSFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT.

The Minister for War is, we understand, by no means neglecting the problem of the scarcity of horses for our cavalry. He has indeed, according to one report, found a remedy for it. The number of our mounted men is to be reduced.

The Liberals of Manchester are to make a presentation of silver plate to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, "Mr. CHURCHILL has promised to receive the souvenir in person." This is the humility of true greatness.

We hear that the eyesight of Nero, the Earl's Court lion, is still causing anxiety, and he may have to wear glasses.

Madame LEMOINE, the wife of the gentleman who duped Sir JULIUS WERNHER, is now suing for a divorce. We can understand that she does not care about waiting for her diamond wedding.

From Rome comes the news that there is trouble in the Chamber owing to the occupants of the Press Gallery having objected to one of the Deputies calling them "a pack of cowards." The idea that a body of men who listen without flinching to all the speeches made in a Parliament house can be lacking in pluck is of course absurd on the face of it.

"Another popular actress in the shape of Miss MAUDE MILLETT," said

The Express the other day, "has seceded to the Music Hall stage. She appeared at the Hippodrome, Crouch End, in a short costume comedy." We are sure that *The Express* did not mean what it said.

"It is ridiculous to suppose," said Mlle. VALERY, the latest Salome dancer, to an interviewer, "that the ideal dance can be accomplished in a hat." We should have thought that some of the most modern creations were almost large enough.

The preparations for the Olympic Games are now complete, and disappointment is expressed in some quarters that it has not been found possible to include among the events a "Licensing Act Stakes," being a six-miles walking race for topers.

Reading that there was a sunken hand-stand in the Elite Gardens, an enterprising American salvage firm has, it is said, written to the authorities offering to raise it for a consideration.

The case of the four Liberal gentlemen (bringing the total to twenty-seven) who have been made members of the doomed Upper House is, we hear, to be taken up by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

"Your eye tells you much, but your nose more," said an expert who was testing wines at the Franco-British Exhibition. Certainly it is the wine-sampler's nose that tells other people most.

Does advertising pay? Not always, apparently. Some of the recent advertisements of "The Historians' History" were entitled "The Daily Waste."

At the Old Bailey, last week, a juror objected to serve on the ground that it was against his conscience to try a woman. Seeing how many women try men, the objection seems to us peculiarly generous.

We live in a callous age. The cheapness of human life has often been the subject of comment, but the following item which appears in a prospectus of "The Metropolitan School of Shooting" surely constitutes a record:—

CASH TERMS.

PRACTICE AT EVERYTHING THE SCHOOL AFFORDS, INCLUDING ATTENDANTS, 5/- PER HOUR.



REGRETTABLE SET-BACK TO THE "ENTENTE."

French Visitor at Exhibition (reciting verbatim from his phrase-book). "SIR, OR MADAM, AS THE CASE MAY BE." . . .

"When am I going to get my pension?" shouted an Oxford wit when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was taking his honorary degree. Alas, my poor young friend, lunatics are specifically excluded from the benefit of the Bill.

"Young Man, requires situation in-door; can drive, ride, plain gardener."—*Irish Times*.

If a situation should arise in the butler's pantry, where the need of a good horseman was severely felt, Mr. Punch will be sure to communicate with the above young man.

"Miss Maud Allan was again at luncheon at the Prime Minister's house the other day, and the special guest invited to meet her was Mr. Winston Churchill."—*The Leeds Mercury*. Doubtless they would tell each other what they thought of Manchester.

We understand that in consequence of the advent of a rival baby, the Prince of ASTURIAS has decided to join his regiment at once.

"Tarrant, b. Tarrant 31."

Evening News.

That must be a very annoying thing to happen when you are well set.

OUR GREATEST NOVELIST IN
DARKEST AFRICA.

MISS VICTORIA BOSS'S TOUR.

It is pleasant to think that the enterprise shown by Mrs. ELINOR GLYN in sampling the seamy side of Californian life, as recently chronicled in *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, is not an isolated instance of feminine intrepidity. Our correspondent at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, sends us an interesting letter describing the even more thrilling adventures of Miss VICTORIA BOSS, carefully-edited extracts from which we now venture to place before our readers:—

"Miss VICTORIA BOSS, the notorious English novelist, whose romances have recently been boycotted in the foc's'les of all the whalers of Dundee and Peterhead, was at first looked on askance on her arrival in Dahomey; but gradually the exclusive Amazonian coteries unbent, and before her departure she was entertained to an anthropophagi *déjeuner* by the Generalissimo and Staff of the Territorial Army."

"Miss Boss, who is travelling through West and Central Africa in search of local colour for her next story, 'The Man-Eaters,' is charmed with her experiences at Abomey and Whydah, where she visited the sacred snakes in the Temple of Bilimbing. During her stay in the Temple she was actually bitten by one of these formidable monsters; but, as might have been expected, the audacious reptile did not long survive the indiscretion."

"Interviewed by a representative of the Abomey *Bugle*, Miss Boss expressed herself in laudatory terms of the morals and manners of Dahomey. 'Your methods of dealing with the question of the survival of the unfittest,' she said with a charming smile, 'seem to me admirably logical and efficacious, and I only wish that the Prime Minister of England had an opportunity of witnessing your waddances, or introducing them at one of his garden-parties.' Miss Boss subsequently took part in a grand gorilla hunt, in which two fine specimens of the anthropoid ape fell to her rifle, and when last heard of was wading dauntlessly through the Great Agrimé Swamp, in the company of her publisher, Mr. STINGAREE GULCHER and the Headman of the Bodili tribe, on her way to the Kong mountains in search of further tropical experiences to incorporate in her new novel."

LOW LIVING AND LOW
THINKING.

[We learn from the most recently published volume of the *Eversley Tennyson* that the poet once made a strenuous effort to be a vegetarian. At the end of six weeks, however, his sense of fatuity drove him back to a mutton chop, after which he saw visions.]

SAID I, "Let the lambkin no longer
Be led to the slaughter for me;
Let the ox, honest beast,
Still continue to feast
With the grass growing up to his
knee.

No more shall they jelly the conger
To gratify palate of mine;
The chick shan't be taken
And served up with bacon
To make me a dish when I dine.
Refined shall be my food,
And simply chaste my fare;
Upon some humble cereal
My soul shall grow ethereal:
Gross thoughts shall ne'er
intrude
To raise my startled hair
If I but crunch a nut for lunch
And dine upon a pear."

With hope all expectant I started
My test of the simple régime.
The first thing to take
Was a cauliflower steak,
And then I sat waiting to dream.
When several hours had departed
And nothing came into my brain
I dined somewhat sparsely
On outlets of parsley,
And then I sat waiting again.
Week slowly followed week—
How slowly none can know!
Once o'er a leg of lentil
My soul grew sentimental;
And once a loin of leek
Inspired my genius so
That with its aid I nearly
made
A little tiny mot.

Alas! these poor flickering flashes
Grew fewer and further between,
And they came not because
Of the diet that was,
But because of the meat that had
been.
Rice sirloins and caroty hashes—
I found it was these I must thank
For kindly revealing
The empty-full feeling
And turning my mind to a blank.
"A ruddy chop," I cried,
"A steak with richness wet,
This is the raw material
That makes a man ethereal!
My vegetarian pride
I'm eager to forget—
Who will may rail, but I shall
trail
My clouds of glory yet."

HERE, THERE, AND
EVERYWHERE.

(An exercise in *Westminster Gazette*.)

The Pan-Anglican Congress.

LONDON, the place chosen as the scene of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress, is the capital of England and one of the principal cities of the world. It is very old, traces of Roman occupation being still visible, and every year it increases in size and attracts more and more visitors. This year the number of Americans in London is said to be phenomenal. London has had many celebrants, but none more eloquent than the American poet, who wrote:—

City of industry and wealth and grime,
How wonderful thou art, and how sublime!

No two better adjectives than these
have ever been applied to London.
It is truly wonderful and sublime.

The New Prince.

The birth of another Prince to the Queen of SPAIN is by no means the only instance of a Royal mother having two sons in succession. In fact this feat was accomplished by no less a personage than the Queen of SPAIN's grandmother, the late QUEEN VICTORIA. *Apropos* of the new Prince, it is interesting to note that the letters of his many names, when added together, come to a total only five fewer than the number of ships in the great Armada sent out to conquer England by PHILIP.

The Lush Month.

In July, says the poet of the cuckoo, he gets ready to fly. This is no doubt true. The whole poem may come to the reader as a pleasing novelty:—

In April
Come he will.
In May
He sings all day.
In June
He changes his tune.
In July
He gets ready to fly.
In August
Go he must.

To these were appended, says the late Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, the following amusing lines at a breakfast party at which DARWIN and ODO RUSSELL were vying with each other in couplets. DARWIN added:—

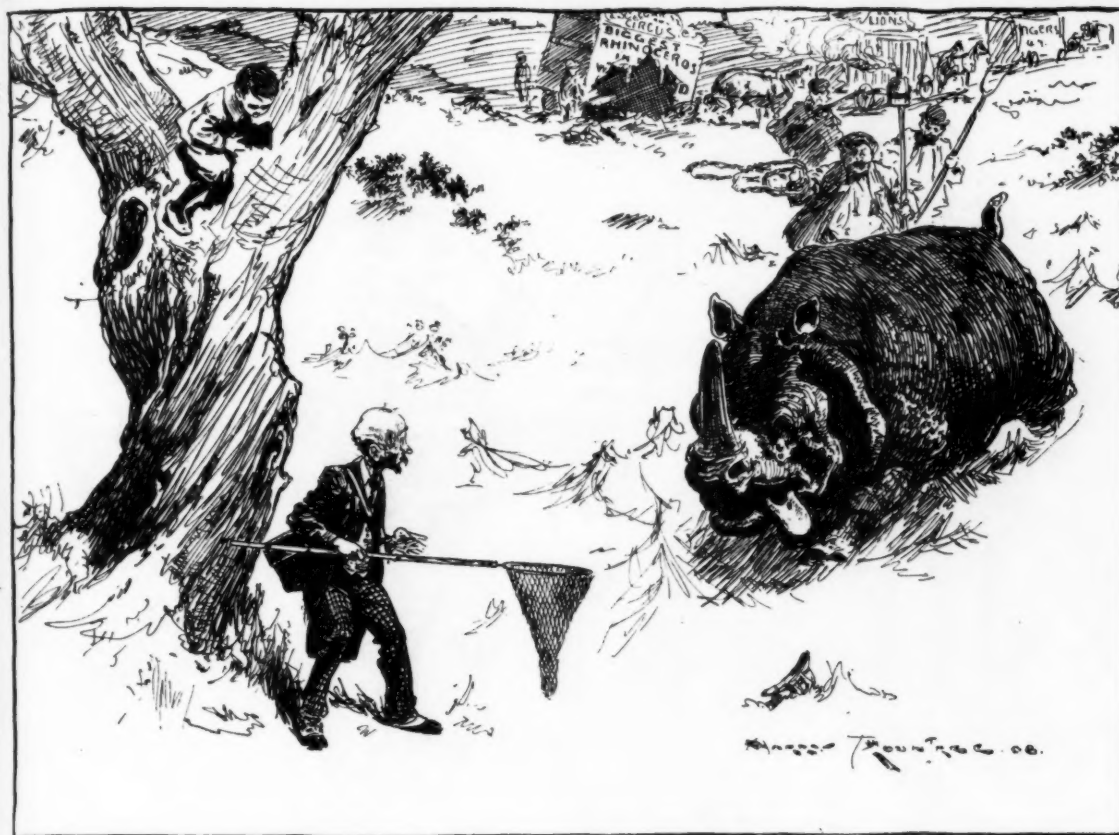
In September
He's gone, remember.

While ODO RUSSELL capped this with:—

In October
If you hear him you're not sober.

The British Medical Statuary.

The discussion over the propriety or impropriety of the statues in the



"CATCH HIM, DADDY! CATCH HIM!"

Strand takes one back to the eighteenth century and the controversy which raged around the proposal of the then Lord Mayor to replace the time-honoured effigies of Gog and Magog by undraped figures of himself and the Lady Mayoress. The coffee-houses were alive with opinions on the subject, and it is needless to say that the sheriffs did not conceal their views. BOSWELL records a saying of Dr. JOHNSON on the subject. "Why not?" he growled. "Let the dogs do what they like." In the end the Lord Mayor lost, and Gog and Magog continued to represent the City.

HOW NOT TO DRESS ON £2,000 A YEAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Forgive your old friend "The Major" whose conversations on clothes you must have met next but one to the advertisement pages in the weekly papers) for intruding, but really it is too bad. Silk hat and knickerbockers, indeed! I need not remind you that it was

I who first announced to an astonished world that trousers must be pressed down the middle, the only operation I ever heard of that can be performed by a man asleep in his bed. The more sleep, in fact, the better for the trousers. But perhaps you keep a trouser-press.

From the many little chats we have had about summer suitings, the ups and downs of collars and the extraordinary merit of Messrs. PUSH-SALE's back studs (the distinction between me and the advertisement pages has not always been strictly preserved) you will have gathered that I have a delicate, artistic temperament. *Silk-hat* and knickerbockers! (Breeches, no doubt, he would call them, but that would be a mere quibble.) Conceive my feelings, to whom, though long experience of barristers' clerks has made the Bowler-hat-and-Tails seem familiar and almost picturesque, the Frock-coat-and-Straw-hat is still painful. What are those things to *Silk-hat-and-Knickerbockers*?

Tired and worn by exacting experiments upon the polishing of

pumps, I had on that fatal afternoon had the misfortune to meet in the Strand two sets of Frock-coat-and-Straws, one of them smoking a pipe, and such a pipe, too! Quite unmannered, I did what you would have done; I fled to Bond Street for rest and recuperation. It was there, of all places, that I saw it. Oh, the pain and the shame! *Silk-hat* and knickerbockers, indeed! In London, note: in Birmingham it might have amused me. In Bond Street, mark you: in the Fulham Road I might have endured it with only a passing spasm. *Silk hat* and knickerbockers! Hateful; inconceivably vile; monstrous. And the fellow was a Bishop too.

Your desperate MAJOR.

Objection has been raised to the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition on Sundays, because it is a place of amusement for which an entrance fee is charged. The difficulty has now been met by the suggestion that the public should be admitted free, and charged a shilling to go out.



Empire. "WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT, SIR?"

Portly Captain. "THE SKELETON ENEMY, SIR."

NEW FRUITS FOR OLD.

[Mr. BOYLE in the *Cornhill* expatiates on the delights of a number of unfamiliar fruits, including the tarippe, the cherimoya, the langsat, the rambi, the guango, the mandaroit, and the bododo.]

Oh, I am weary of all the ancient fruits—
The apple, the pear, yea, even the velvet peach,
And when I behold them, any or all or each,
My heart sinks down to the bottom of both my boots.

The strawberry once I loved, but strawberries pall;
I love the nectarine still, but the only time
When the taste of the nectarinê touches a height
sublime
Is when you pluck it fresh from a sun-kissed wall.

Time was when the orange attracted my callow lips,
And the lemon blended with soda merited praise,
But the glamour of both has waned in my latter days,
For they break my heart with their everlasting pips.

No, the ancient fruits no more my allegiance claim,
And I long for something that is not obsolete,
"With a flavour of Will-o'-the-wisp," yet not too
sweet,
And above all owning a weird, exotic name.

Such qualities, I am sure, must be enshrined
In the heart of the delicate, elegant tarippe.
I can fancy its juices adown my gullet slip
Like a river of liquid gold quadruply refined.

And the name of the cherimoya my soul arrides,
Recalling the whisper of muted Æolian strings,
Or the melodies sung at the courts of elfin kings,
Or the lapping at dusk of dim Lethæan tides.

Why should the langsat afar in a tropic land
Waste all its sweetness on savages forlorn,
While I with palate unsated in London mourn?—
This, this is a thing no fellow can understand!

Could I but feast, in a humble catamaran,
On the rambi, what measures divine would flow from
my pen!
What deeds would I do, unknown to mortal ken,
Inspired by the guango or even the jintawan!

O why, Sir ALFRED JONES, are you grown so keen
On shipping bananas alone to the Severn shore,
When the throats of men like me are thirsting sore
For the sweets of the mandaroit and the mangosteen?

Oh, bring us the cool bododo, for which I pant,
Give us the luing, and, ringed with an aureole,
Your name shall blaze on Pomona's golden scroll
As her truest and most devoted hierophant.

Terrible Riverside Calamity.

"And in another half-hour the sparkling river was full
of well-fed men and slightly languid ladies, moving with
deliberation but persistence towards Boulter's."—*Daily
Telegraph*.



LIVING ON REPUTATION.

BRITANNIA (among the Pageants). "QUITE RIGHT OF THEM TO SHOW PRIDE IN MY PAST; BUT WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT NOBODY SEEMS TO TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY FUTURE!"



E

Je
so
at
he
So
no
vo
mi
po
fr
th
as
re
S
m
th
m
“

fu
ge
so
ge
h

th
to
W
S
w
L
th
R
n
A
s
o
th
in
P
“

C
h
e
c
n

R
o
t
e
s
c
d

l
d
c
t
h

i
t
l

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22. — Indefinable something of difference about Mr. WEIR since last he heckled the hapless Scotch Secretary. A deeper note in his reverberating voice as, in reluctant submission to hidden hydraulic power, it is brought up from his boots. More threatening glare in his eye as over his pince-nez he regards the guilty Minister. Sterner tone in his reminder that two years ago the very same answer was made to identical question. "If," he added *ex profundis*, "the right hon. gentleman does not do something shortly he will go down to posterity unhonoured and unsung."

Member for SARK says the subtle change is due to Royal influence. At the Windsor Garden Party on Saturday, Mr. WEIR, watching the Independent Labour Members stalking the King, determined that Ross and Cromarty should not be out of the game. After patient endurance he succeeded in being honoured by recognition. SARK says that on approaching the Presence he instinctively dropped into his habitual Parliamentary formula and began, "Is your Majesty a-Weir—?"

That probably a flight of fancy. Certainly Mr. WEIR had speech with his Sovereign and feels it rather a come-down to be now putting his customary half-dozen questions to a mere Secretary of State.

Business done.—HERBERT GLADSTONE moved second reading of Eight Hours (Miners) Bill. Eleven o'clock rule suspended with view to finishing debate to-night. At eleven o'clock at least a dozen speeches undelivered. Debate accordingly adjourned to unnamed date.

Tuesday.—When F. W. LAMBTON lets himself go he is the Eclipse of debate. For powerful denunciation of an iniquitous Ministry he has no compeer. Consider his protest against their arbitrary use of closure to hustle on the Old Age Pensions Bill.

"The Government," he said in an impassioned flight of eloquence that brought tears to eyes of Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, "throws at the

House, as bones are thrown to a dog, crude Bills which Ministers have not thought out. Hon. Members are sent like so many dogs to the

forging their thunderbolts and—er—and—indulging in other pleasant pastimes."

As this glittering cascade of almost Oriental imagery fell from LAMBTON's lips HENRY CRAIK 'sat hard by in gloomy silence. Had had his little triumph. But what was it compared with this avalanche of trope? In debate on Old Age Pensions Bill he clinched the matter by describing the contributory principle as "the sheet anchor holding the balance."

In contrast with LAMBTON's metaphors this has disadvantage of being submarine in locality. A sheet anchor holding a balance is one of the secrets of mechanics which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear. LAMBTON's pageant moves on the surface under the dome of heaven. You see ASQUITH throwing to clemmed Members crude Bills he has not thought out. You watch the pack turn at crack of whip, gallop across Lobbies, and so to their kennels upstairs. Almost you hear the crunching of the ill-cooked measures they gorge themselves withal. The unplumb'd, salt estranging sea hides working of CRAIK's simpler device.

But there it is, grandly impressive, reckless of storms above or groundswell below—a sheet anchor holding a balance.

Business done. Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Wednesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN DAVID REES, not in personal appearance reminiscent of the *Fat Boy*, is your man. Submitted to HOME SECRETARY question involving blood-curdling suggestions of escaped lunatics wandering through counties and boroughs, committing horrible murders of unoffending constituents. It appears that, under Lunacy Act, if re-capture be evaded for fourteen days the fugitive may thereafter snap his fingers at his pursuer. All he has to do is to secrete himself for a fortnight. In the name of the mothers and children of England REES called upon HOME SECRETARY to state whether this dangerous condition of things should continue?

With that hide-bound officialism inherited by Home Secretaries HERBERT GLADSTONE pooh-poohed



THE INDIGNANT MAMMOTH; OR, PRIMEVAL SCOTLAND.

Mr. G. H. W. R. (in a blood-curdling, reverberating, paleolithic undertone).

"NO ANSWER-R!!—AS USUAL, MR. SPEAKER-R-R!!"

kennels upstairs to gorge themselves on hasty, ill-cooked measures whilst Ministers sit in Olympian grandeur



"THE SHEET-ANCHOR HOLDING THE BALANCE."

(Sir H. N. C. R.)



ON THE SPOT AT QUESTION TIME.
(Major S-ly does very nicely as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.)

the suggestion that the law should be amended.

"Sir," said Mr. REES, more in sorrow than in anger, "does the right hon. gentleman think that nothing is required? I have at this moment in my hand a discharge."

As he held out the document in full view of what should have been a sympathetic House, a roar of laughter burst forth. Where did he get the discharge? Was it duly certified? and where had he been secreting himself for the last fortnight? These and other ribald questions went round.

REES returned document to breast coat pocket, and resumed seat, admitting to himself that nothing is to be done with a flippant assembly like this.

Business done.—More Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Friday.—Wonderful how quickly SEELY has put on the Ministerial manner as if it were a garment. Also how well it fits him. Only the other day was a free lance below the gangway, wanting to know all kinds of inconvenient things from Ministers. Now the poacher is turned game-keeper, with proverbial consequence.

Easy enough to read from manuscript answer to question of which

notice has been given. It is the supplementary enquiries permitted by leniency of the SPEAKER that give the Minister pause. No one has yet taken a rise out of the new Under Secretary for the Colonies. On controversial questions connected with DINIZULU or labour in the Rand Mines the ball is tossed from side to side. Ministerialists and Members of Opposition fiercely talk at each other across the body of Under Secretary. All the while he feels that the Transvaal and Natal are listening at the door. A maladroit expression, an unjustifiable denial, an untimely admission, would have the effect of dropping fat on the flame. SEELY stands the cross-fire with unflinching coolness and comes out unhurt.

Business done.—Tobacco Growing (Scotland) Bill passed third reading.

THE COASTGUARD.

FROM the white-washed wall that enclosed the garden in front of his trim cottage you could have thrown a stone far into the sea two hundred feet below. He was standing at the corner of the enclosure, a big telescope tucked under his arm, a mast with the White Ensign flying at the gaff rising just behind him. I glowed with exercise and patriotism as I scrambled up the steep path towards him—a solitary figure keeping watch and ward over miles and miles of Britannia's realm.

"You've got the command of the sea here, anyhow," I remarked, thinking my little play upon words rather happy, considering the heat of the day. He nodded gravely.

"You wouldn't believe what the wind's like on this cliff," he said; "took up all them broccolis by the roots last week, it did."

I glanced round the devastated garden, not quite sure which was the plant in question; but my nautical fervour refused to be brought to earth. My eyes fell upon a small shed that must needs, I thought, contain the signals that will be let off on the approach of the enemy.

"Blue lights?" I ventured, pointing to it, pleased with my acuteness.

"Blue rocks," he corrected. "The missus likes 'em in a pie, but they make a sad mess of the garden, they do."

I began to conceive a dislike to the garden. The awkward pause that followed was interrupted by a second coastguard running out of the cottage to us, with anxiety and even alarm written large upon his bronzed face.

"Let's have that glass, BILL," he said, hastily taking the telescope.

"Is it possible," I pondered, "that the invading squadrons are already upon the horizon?" But no. The second coastguard, steady- ing the telescope by the mast under the shadow of the White Ensign, was searching, not the sea, but the countryside. My heart gave a jump. "Surely, surely," I gasped, "they cannot yet have landed. Where is the Home Fl—"

"Haven't seen naught of my ducks this morning, BILL, have yer?" muttered the anxious one, the glass still screwed to his eye.

It was evident that in order to get at the expert opinion of BILL and his mate upon naval policy I must first ingratiate myself by pretending to take an interest in their curiously rural pursuits. I determined to seize the earliest opening that offered.

"Here's the gunboat, HENERY!" suddenly snapped the first coastguard, springing to the handle of the semaphore that stood at the corner of the wall.

HENRY swiftly swung the telescope round to bear upon a craft just gliding into view from behind the headland and close in-shore.

"New type of scout," I observed, by way of showing how up-to-date my naval intelligence was.

They gave a grunt that might have meant assent or the reverse. They were already talking to the gunboat with their weird machine.

Now was my opportunity to show how much I delighted in ducks.

"Have they seen anything of them?" I asked, with anxiety.

BILL fixed me with an eye in which there was a good deal of pity.

"If," he said, slowly wagging his head towards the path up which I had come, "you would kindly rejine your—your attendant—HENERY and me is rather busy."

That's the way with these professionals. The more enthusiastic the amateur is, the more severely they snub him.

Society News.

The Duke of NORFOLK's infant son is progressing rapidly, though he is having the usual trouble with his teeth. We derive our information from *The Daily Mail*, which gives us the following paragraph:—

"NORFOLK.—Crop very fine. An exceptional yield is promised. A little cutting has begun, and prospects are excellent."

"Required, a Post as Companion."
Leamington Daily Circular.

Much better have a good walking-stick.



A SAD CASE.

Squire. "HAVEN'T HAD A JOB SINCE EASTER, HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT ARE YOU?"

Tramp. "I'M AN 'OT CROSS BUN MAKER!"

ANOTHER HUMAN EPISODE.

[A pretty little story appeared lately in *The Evening News* of how Mr. JOHN BURNS was seen in a tramway car playing with the toes of a curly-haired baby which was sitting on its mother's knee (or it might have been its aunt's). "How delightful," whispered a lady to a companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister playing with a baby." "A Cabinet Minister!" replied the other. "What do you mean?" "I mean," the first lady said, with a slight inclination of the head, "that that is the Right Hon. John Burns—the people's John—John of Battersea."]

A TOUCHING little incident is reported to have occurred in Whitehall yesterday. A boyish-looking figure was seen hurrying across the roadway, making for the Board of Trade Office, when his progress was barred by a pigeon which was complacently feeding in the gutter. Instead of brushing the bird aside impatiently or even trampling on it (as many men in his place would have done, for he was evidently in a hurry), this courteous knight waited till the bird

had passed, and then—but not till then—resumed his way with a cheery nod and a smile to the feathered obstructionist. "How sweet," said a smart-looking woman to her companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister so punctiliously polite to a pigeon." "A Cabinet Minister?" replied the friend. "What do you mean?" "I mean," said the first lady, "that that is the President of the Board of Trade—WINSTON CHURCHILL—our WINNIE—the Member for Dundee."

[It turned out afterwards to be a War Office messenger, but we give the story for what it is worth.]

EXPLOSIONS THAT TELL.

A FRENCH scientist claims to have invented an explosive which, instead of going off with a bang, speaks any word and in any language that is required of it. By this invention every firework may tell its story, and

every Chinese cracker crack its little joke.

An enterprising vendor of novelties is putting on the market, at a shilling a dozen, what he has named "Bombs to relieve the feelings." If a straphanger steps on your toe, or if you just miss your train, or if your article is declined, or if your bootlace breaks, all you have to do is to drop one of these little bombs on the floor and it says the word for you, saving you all further trouble.

The Post Office also is kindly supplying the lady clerks at the counters with "Civility" bombs. Rush of business has hitherto prevented these fair servants of the public from doing themselves justice, but it will be the easiest thing in the world to throw a "Thank you" bomb at a customer.

THE ATTRACTION OF LAST WEEK:
The Frankau-Caldwell Exhibition.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

HAPPENINGS OF THE SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Though Ascot is ancient history now, I must tell you what a success I was there in my most distracting get-up of the week—white Directoire, not too Directoire, you know, my dear, but just Directoire enough! It was distinctly funny to notice the people who had made a timid, half-hearted attempt to be Directoire, and had stopped short in a sort of panic. One, at least, however, had let valour be a good bit the better part of discretion:—POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, was so Directoire on Cup Day that she quite took off attention from the gee-gees.

MÉLANIE DE CHATEAUVIEUX and her Comte are over on a visit. They're both as frightfully chic as ever, and we three are great pals. The *entente* stops there, however, for JOSIAH can't stand the Comte (he says he's "a grinning ape") and Aunt GOLDIE hates MÉLANIE, and never speaks of her except as "that French-woman." *Et pour quoi?* Because MÉLANIE didn't try to hide her surprise on first realising that Aunt G. was Mrs. NORTON VAVASOUR, and also because she flirts outrageously with NORTY, and they chatter Parisian argot, while poor Aunt GOLDIE is quite out of it, her French being of the good old sort that does very well so long as it isn't used, but goes all to pieces as soon as she comes to grips with a native. It's a great deal too bad of NORTY. For once I'm inclined to side with Aunt GOLDIE. As I told him yesterday, he'll bring down her transformation with sorrow to the grave!

MÉLANIE prides herself on her English and her knowledge of London, but I must tell you of a most absurd mistake she made, if you'll promise not

to be shocked, you dear humdrum old darling. We were strolling about together at Ascot and I was telling her who different people were, when Lady EXSHIRE passed. I told MÉLANIE that, ages ago, before she married Lord EXSHIRE, she was a famous Gaiety girl, and added: "*Comprenez-vous ce que veut dire Gaiety girl?*"

Belton's drawing-rooms at calling time. They all talk about the weather. Then we see that Lady Belton and Sidy de Vaux love each other. While all the others are talking about a bad attack of indy someone's had, Sidy asks her to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers she's only half through a course of beauty-treatment

with Madame Blagueuse, and so she can't. Then they all talk about the weather again; and the curtain falls on the First Act. The Second Act is still in Lady Belton's drawing-rooms, and it's still calling time. They all talk about the weather again. A Mrs. Damer has come in, and we see that she loves and is loved by another of the callers, Ronny ffarrington. While the others are all discussing the best sort of drinks for a hot day, Ronny asks Mrs. Damer to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers that her little doggie isn't well enough to travel, and as, of course, she can't leave the little thingy-thing behind, that elopement's off too. Then everyone talks about the weather again, and the curtain falls finally.

We all think FRANKY will go far as a playwright. Lord and Lady KNIGHTSBRIDGE gave a big tea afterwards, and were simply loaded with congrats about their

brilliant son's success with "*How-de-do?*"

Oh, my dear! What do you think! Such a burst-up at BOSH and WEE-WEE'S! BOSH, you know, though outwardly lively, is really a very serious character. He thinks about quite a number of things, and is immensely strict about church-going. I don't mean that he ever goes to church himself, but he makes WEE-WEE go; he says women need it. Lately, however, she's been excusing herself on one plea or



Golfer (to long-suffering and wearied caddie). "How many's that, SANDY?"

Caddie. "YE'RE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH. YE TAPPIT IT AFF THE TEE IN YUN, MISSED IT ALTAEGOTHER IN TWA, WENT INTAE THE SANDBANK IN THREE, YE DIDNA GET OOT IN FOUR, BUT YE GOT OOT IN FIVE, YE GAED INTAE THE WHINS IN SAX, YE DIDNA GET OOT IN SEVEN, BUT YE GOT OOT IN ACHT, AND NOO YERE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH."

"Si je comprends!" said MÉLANIE. "Mais, je crois bien, ma chère! Chez nous autres Français la phrase pareille est * * * " No, really it was such an absurd mistake and so rough on the poor EXSHIRE woman, that I must leave you to find out for yourself what MÉLANIE said.

People turned up in force at the Matinée Theatre yesterday for FRANKY FITZ-JAMES'S first play, "*How-de-do?*" It proved a big success, immensely real and true to life. The curtain rises on Lady



Vicar. "I'M GLAD TO SEE, MRS. TIPPLES, THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS KEEPING STEADY. HE SEEMS QUITE TO HAVE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.
Mrs. T. "THAT 'E 'AVE, SIR. 'E'S TOOK A BITTER OATH NEVER TO TOUCH A DROP O' DRINK AGAIN--NOT IN THIS WORLD!"

another, till at last all the excuses were worn to rags—and then the truth came out. She's a Fire-Worshipper! She was won over by that Persian Imaum, FIRDUSHI, who was over here in the spring, was made so much of by everyone, and gave little sermon-lectures at people's houses. Converts are cropping up every day. DICKIE SANDYS is another, and Lord and Lady RAMSGATE are in fits about it. She was taken to hear the Imaum by her granny, Popsy, Lady R., who's been a Fire-Worshipper for ages, it appears. Now, old girl, though you're inclined to disapprove of your BLANCHE in general, you must own up that in *this* instance I've proved myself superior to WEE-WEE and DICKIE and the rest. Though the Imaum was *decidedly* rather a darling and I went to *all* his sermon-lectures, he didn't make a 'vert of me or sway me in the least little bit. I consider that the Fire-Worshippers are almost *quite* wrong—especially in always getting up to see the sun rise!

I hit on such a lovely cool idea for my last afternoon party. It was a

sweltering day, and I had the conservatory opening from the white drawing-room turned into a Polar scene, with icebergs and all that sort of thing, and I ordered a Polar bear from the Stores to make it complete. The man brought him, put him among the bergs, and gave him something to keep him quiet. When people came they were quite enchanted with such a *nicky* idea for a hot afternoon, though, of course, there are always *some* who are too *jealous* and *envious* to praise you for anything. M^ELANIE and her Comte were particularly charmed. If people felt uncomfy with the heat, all they had to do was to look at the bear and the bergs and they were cool again. Presently, however (whether the man hadn't given him enough stuff, or whether the bergs weren't cold enough for him, or the noise of our chatter bothered him, I can't say), the bear began to get lively and to move about and look through at us with the dearest, angriest little eyes. He looked *particularly* hard at Aunt GOLDIE, and she screamed and rushed

to another part of the room, and then everyone began to get so jumpy, and M^ELANIE'S "*Tiens!*" got so loud and shrill, that I had to send for the man, who gave him some more stuff, and he settled down among the bergs again and was a good, sedate bear and part of the picture.

This, my dear, if you want to know, is a ribbon summer, and it's correct to be very lively. Ribbons and liveliness always go together, and lace and languor. Which is cause and which effect, whether it's the ribbons that produce liveliness or the liveliness that expresses itself in ribbons, I'm not here to tell you, as they say in the House.

Darling Pompom has been feeling a wee bit used up and run down lately, so I've sent him to do a cure at a Doggie's Home of Rest a little way in the country—not too far for his loving mother to motor down and see him often. Already the fresh air, early hours and simple life are giving the sweet mite the bloom of his puppyhood again.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"TRAIN up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Those, I believe, were the words of Solomon the Wise, who was once a boy himself, and is reputed to have had several children of his own. In *The Pedestal* (CHAPMAN & HALL), Mr. DESMOND COKE gives us the converse of the proposition. Neglect your child for the pleasures of Society while he is in the nursery, and selfishly spoil him in his early boyhood, and when at last you bring yourself to send him to school he is bound to come to grief. Sir BERNARD FOTHERGILL succeeded the late baronet at the early age of seven, and his decline and fall dated from the moment when his father's sudden death in the hunting-field made him his repentant mother's idol. At school he made friends with a rather hopeless sort of cousin, and, to help him out of a difficulty connected with the house cash-box, consented to go into the dressing-room and "borrow" some money from "the big fellows' bags." Of course he was caught in the act, and of course he nobly declined to give away "the other fellow," and of course his heroic reserve was regarded by his foolish mother as the stubbornness of guilt, till his comparative innocence was triumphantly established. Mr. COKE knows a good deal about boys, though I don't think that in this respect *The Pedestal* comes up to *The Bending of a Twig*. But to

those of you who are mothers (as the College Don said when he preached one of his old village-sermons to an audience of undergraduates) I commend it as a solemn and salutary warning. The Parents' National Education Union ought certainly to put it on their list of useful publications.

The strife ensuing when passion twists
The steeled nerve-tissues of scientists—
ARTHUR APPLIN depicts complete
In his novel *The Butcher of Bruton Street*.

The book (GRANT RICHARDS) is made to present
Three clear types of medical gent;
Two are pleasant enough to meet;
The third is the Butcher of Bruton Street.

There's old *Pill Brown*, who's a bland G.P.;
There's *Janson*, who can't stand surgery;
And he who is loved of the great *élite*,
Haigg, the Butcher of Bruton Street.

Each is lured by the selfsame maid;
Each pursues in his way his trade—

Janson, reformer; *Brown*, discreet;
And knife-'em-all *Haigg* of Bruton Street.

Mingling human traits with the set
Demands of medical etiquette,
Partly a treatise, partly a treat
Is the tale of *The Butcher of Bruton Street*.

In *One City and Many Men* (SMITH, ELDER) are set forth in pleasant, chatty form memories of olden times by one who has discovered the secret of perennial youth. Sir ALGERNON WEST's recollections go back to the early days of Queen VICTORIA's reign. After serving under Sir CHARLES WOOD when that forgotten statesman was at the India Office, he was Private Secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE throughout his most momentous Premiership. Succeeding to the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, he had the opportunity of studying Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at close quarters, and gives some interesting particulars of his brief tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Much has been written about

Mr. GLADSTONE. His former secretary and friend adds precious material to common knowledge. One of the most charming chapters in a book of unfailing interest is descriptive of a walk through deserted London, which Sir ALGERNON's memory and fancy people with a crowd of interesting wraiths.

I have long held the conviction that, owing to no fault of its own, the most disorderly word in the English language is "only." More frequently than any other it is misplaced.

The impression is confirmed by a sentence in a book otherwise blameless in the matter of style. "I was," Sir ALGERNON writes, "only born on the day of the Reform Bill passing." Why this petulant complaint? Did he expect to be also christened and married? However, the reader will rejoice that he was at least born, since he has lived to give the world this delightful book.

The graceful and allusive writer on the open air is always with us; but we do not know of any English hand now executing this pleasant task better than Mr. BEACH THOMAS, author of *From a Hertfordshire Cottage* (ALSTON RIVERS). His knowledge of natural history and his memory of what other men have said of natural history—both poets and scientific writers—are about equal, and they see-saw very agreeably through the book. Mr. THOMAS, I think, makes a mistake in withholding the names of his poets as often as he does, especially as he seems to have explored the less known lyrics more than most. I like to find again Sir EDWARD GREY's remark that to hear the first song in early spring of any bird is "better than a personal success." Not bad for a Cabinet Minister.



THE EGOIST IN THE GARDEN.

"CONFOUND YOU, SIR! JUST LOOK AT MY CUCUMBER FRAME!"